THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, June 10, 1793.

Substance of the Speech of Mr. Alderman Wilkes to the Inhabitants of the Ward of Farringdon Without, in London, at St. Sepulchre's Church, December 14, 1793, who were assembled to declare their Attachment to the Constitution.

GENTLEMEN,

I AM happy at all times to comply with the wishes of this Ward; but particularly so at a period when we are called forth to express our loyalty to the Crown, and our attachment to the constitution of our country.

I will not trouble you with many words; but I beg to express my private sentiments on this important occasion. I am a firm friend to a limited monarchy, as a government founded on laws; a government which does not depend on the will or caprice of an individual, but rests on known and written laws. Such a government best answers the great end designed by it; to give security and safety to persons and to property. This is the government under which we live.

I am particularly attached to the House of Brunswick.— The last 80 years have been the happiest and most prosperous in our annals; during that period the Brunswick family has been on the throne. We are governed by wise and equal laws; the same laws for the poor as for the rich, for every subject of the state. Our persons are safe, our property secure, and our commerce most extensively flourishing; especially during

during the reign of his present Majesty. I trust to the good sense of the English nation not to barter these important and splendid advantages in possession, for any wild and extravagant speculations, as ridiculous in theory as totally impossible in practice.

Gentlemen, I am firmly attached to a limited monarchy: I have spent no small part of my life abroad, in countries where the Government depended on the will, or the caprice, of an individual, of a minister, a minion, or a mistress; where no one was secure.

One of the great advantages of our constitution is that all is clearly defined, and the limits of each branch ascertained.— Now in a republican government there is a continued struggle who shall be the greatest. The Roman was the most famous republic, and witnessed the contentions of Marius and Sylla, of Cæsar and Pompey, for pre-eminence. But here the line is clearly chalked out by law; no subject can with us be so ambitious, or so mad, as to contend for the sovereign power. We are preserved from all those evils which necessarily attend a republican government.

On these principles it is that I profess my regard for limited monarchy; a monarchy which is not above law, but is founded upon law, and secures freedom to the subject.

Gentlemen, I shall no longer trespass on your patience.— I thought it proper to offer you the sentiments of an individual, who is always ready to come forth in your service; but the weight and importance of your resolutions must depend on the respectable meeting now assembled.

Some Account of that eccentric Character, the late Earl of Barrymore.

(Continued from Page 521.)

IN his frequent intercourse and domestic association with the *dramatis personæ*, he had acquired no inconsiderable share of their personal confidence, and imaginary superiority; as well as their professional alacrity in witsnapping, or the practice of an insulting inuendo, or ambiguity to such inferior as was least likely either to dispute or resent it. Of this distinguishing trait and increasing propensity a variety of proofs need not be introduced to constitute a superflux of evidence; as one,

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let us not forget "to remember," the aſſault upon Mr. Donadieu, who obtained a verdict of "50l. damages" againſt his Lordſhip in a court of law; or to mention with additional concern, that but a few days before his march to the coaſt of Suſſex (conſequently not many weeks before his death) he was exultingly fixed in the window of a principal inn, in the county town to which his regiment belonged, from whence in the meaneſt and moſt ungentleman-like manner he indulged himſelf, and two or three of his aſſociates, in wantonly ridiculing or inſulting the unoffending paſſenger.

When his Lordſhip's pecuniary ſupplies ſuſtained the firſt ſhock, and the uſual reſources were obſerved to be at leaſt obſtructed if not dried up, it will prove no matter of ſurpriſe to the more experienced in the beaten track of human obſervation, that certain individuals in the herd of adulating ſycophants, who ſervilely flattered him in the zenith of proſperity, ſhould ſo ſuddenly diſappear when they perceived him ſtruggling under the wound inflicted by the barbed arrow of adverſity.—To this unkind, uncharitable tendency in our natures, a celebrated writer metaphorically alludes, when he ſays,

"Thouſands of myriads wait the ſummer's ſun,
"That ſhrink and vaniſh with a wint'ry blaſt."

The cruel "ſentence of the law" having doomed all the "rich hangings and theatric ornaments," to the ſons of public rapine, thoſe money-loving villains, by whom they were "tumbled into a heap for ſale"—

"Of that joy as of a gem long loſt,
"Beyond redemption gone think we no more."

Although the original cauſe of this enormous profuſion had ceaſed by ſo total a diſſolution of the theatre, and entire disjunction of its honorary appendages, the gradational effect has been by no means diminiſhed. The patronage originally extended by his Lordſhip to profeſſional performers remained unſhaken to the laſt hour of his life; no change of circumſtance, no viciſſitude of fortune could ſully his attachment to the dramatic heroes he had ſelected from the expanſive world of merit, as individually worthy to become partakers of his fame and fortune.

Before we bid adieu to the boards of this wreck, it becomes directly in point to make mention of one ſcene, not the moſt comic (to the principal performers) that had ever been per-

formed in this theatre of almoſt unprecedented taſte and elegance. When the derangement of his Lordſhip's affairs had made ſome noiſe in the neighbourhood, and appearances ſeemed to confirm the general opinion, "that there could not be ſo much ſmoke without ſome fire," the various creditors exceedingly importunate for audience and that obtained, equally preſſing for payment; a circular injunction was at length diſpatched to a long liſt of claimants, to make their perſonal appearance at the theatre on a given day and a particular hour appointed for that purpoſe, there to meet a Mr. C——, who was to inveſtigate and paſs their accounts with an annexed order for liquidation. Here his Lordſhip met and received them with the greateſt (humbugging) politeneſs, walked indifferently out of the room, as upon ſome particular occaſion, croſſed the road to his dwelling-houſe, threw himſelf into a poſt-chaiſe with a friendly aſſociate, rattled to Henley, made a "jolly day," with every delicacy the ſeaſon could afford; laughing heartily at the credulity of the "poor devils," waiting at Wargrave in anxious expectation of his Lordſhip's return, till the approach of night warned, "every man to his tent, O Iſrael!"

The ſtrong and irreſiſtible rays of truth (whoſe dictates we have ſo repeatedly promiſed to obey) oblige us to obſerve, that as his Lordſhip had no predominant point, no diſtinguiſhing trait of perſevering induſtry in his own compoſition; ſo it cannot be reaſonably expected he was any ſtrenuous advocate for the promotion of it in others. It evidently ſeemed to appear his Lordſhip's predominant wiſh, if not his opinion, that all mankind ſhould exiſt by an uniform and uninterrupted purſuit of pleaſure; and ſo ſtudious was he to inculcate this favourite idea, that he became an inceſſant agent in the arts of ſeduction to the inferior claſs of his mechanical neighbours.—Conſtantly inducing them (at his own intervals from the variegated ſcenes of greater importance) to abandon their different occupations, by which they were happily and induſtriouſly ſupporting their families, to enter the liſts (in which his Lordſhip ſet the example) as candidates at cricket—pigeon-ſhooting, and various other diverſions, for ſuch prizes as were previouſly appointed for the ſucceſsful adventurers. Some few years ſince, in the earlier part of the ſporting embarkation, the faſhionable amuſement of cocking (now growing into diſrepute) formed a part of their entertainment, ſo long as a gamecock could be obtained in the country, or one found that would even ſtand up againſt another.

The impressive whisperings of conscience, the "wanderings of the heart," or the affectionate kindness of some anxious friend, who had attentively observed his uncontrouled career in every stage of dissipation, and wished to avert the impending consequence by rendering him not only a useful member of society, but an ornament to his country, prevailed upon him to accept a commission in the militia of the county in which he resided (Berkshire).

In the service of his sovereign we behold him in the only conspicuous post of public and distinguished honour we ever remember to have seen him. Here he had ample opportunity to have re-assumed lost dignity and to have retrieved his character; he was luckily placed amidst such a corps of opulence and personal respectability as could not fail to excite some degree of emulative imitation. Men whose local influence insured spontaneous respect, whose consistency of conduct and rigidity of duty as officers, whose integrity in private life as gentlemen, and politeness in public, held out to him a model so attractive, that had he fortunately survived, he must have become a reformed and happy convert to the pleasures of their association: Exultingly divested of his degrading and predominant attachment to the company, principles and practice of the most notorious gamblers, necessitous buffoons, and determined desperate boxers.

It must not be imagined that his Lordship has been so great a pecuniary sufferer by his connection with the above respectable associates, without availing himself in a slight degree of that experience he had so dearly purchased; and a proportion (or rather large share) of which he was so eminently entitled to. On the contrary, he had made his observations and waited only for opportunity to reduce his theory to practice; the law of retaliation lay open to him, the direct access to which he found no one disposed to dispute his right. The fluctuation of specie having however lately prevented the happiness of soaring in higher circles, he had been compelled to console himself with occasional flights at smaller game, and absolutely condescended to raise nocturnal contributions (over the four aces) from the mechanical world (perhaps from his own voters) in the very town to which he had become so recently attached. In two or three of these excursions he was exceedingly successful, in taking off what little superflux the humiliating dependence upon the caprice of individuals might furnish at the receipt of custom; where the grateful bow of obedience constituted the hope of diurnal repetition with a renewed supply. The dead

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ſet being made, the invitation given and the private party formed, he and his principal aſſociate fortunately contrived to eaſe a repenting few of the trading world in one evening of a ſum very little leſs than 200l. but in ſtrict juſtice to his Lordſhip's feelings upon the occaſion it muſt be acknowledged, that upon one of the party's ſummoning a copious flood of tears to his aſſiſtance, and aſſuring his Lordſhip ſuch loſs would be the total ruin of his family; his Lordſhip with liberality peculiar to himſelf (when ſtock was unexpectedly above par) inſtantly returned him 30l. as a part, or the whole of his loſſes. Yet, ſtrange to relate and more ſtrange to be believed, within a very ſhort time we find the ſame parties in the open day violently oppoſed to each other in the true ſpirit of "higheſt—loweſt—Jack and the game; when the opponent finding himſelf in the aukward predicament of having made a diſcovery that was rather unpleaſant in the diſtribution of the cards, felt himſelf under the neceſſity of expoſtulation, by obſerving, "he had not the leaſt chance of winning, as he played a very different game from his Lordſhip."—"A different game!"—"Why, what game do you play?" rejoined his Lordſhip.—"The fair game, my Lord," was the reply! Yet, certain it is, his Lordſhip neither pulled him by the noſe, or kicked him down ſtairs, but continued his cards, and that time to his diſadvantage.—This is the fact, but while we ſtate it we forbear a comment.

(To be continued.)

S E L I C O;

AN AFRICAN TALE:

[From New Tales from the French of M. Florian.]

(Concluded from Page 485.)

GUBERI and Teloa attempted in vain to oppoſe the generous purpoſe of their brother; Selico reſiſted their expoſtulations, refuſed to draw his lot, and threatened to go by himſelf if they would not accompany him; at length the two eldeſt gave way. It was agreed that Guberi ſhould continue with his mother, and that Teloa ſhould conduct Selico to the Dutch fort, where he ſhould receive the price of his brother's liberty, and that he ſhould immediately return with the proviſions which they wanted. When this was determined, Selico alone

alone forebore to weep; but he found it difficult indeed to restrain them when he was to leave his mother, bid her an eternal adieu, embrace her for the last time, and, what is more, deceive her by promising soon to return with Teloa, saying that they were only about to visit their former habitation, and to see if they could again take possession of it. The good old woman believed them, yet she could hardly tear herself from her sons' arms; she trembled at the dangers they were about to encounter; and, by an involuntary motion, ran after Selico the moment she lost sight of his person.

The two brothers, of whom it could not be said which was most unhappy, in a short time arrived at Sabi. Murder had then ceased, peace began again to smile, the King of Dahomai, undisturbed possessor of the territory of Juida, wished to encourage a commerce with the Europeans, whom he invited to his city. Many English and French merchants were received at the Monarch's court, who sold them his numerous prisoners, and divided among his troops the lands of the vanquished. Teloa soon found a merchant who offered him a hundred crowns for his young brother. As he hesitated, trembled in all his limbs, and disputed about this horrible bargain, a trumpet was heard, and a public cryer announced with a loud voice, that the King of Dahomai promised four hundred ounces of gold to whomsoever would bring him alive a young negro, who the night before had dared to profane the seraglio of the Monarch, and had escaped toward the east, from the pursuit of the guards. Selico heard the proclamation, made a sign to Teloa not to conclude his bargain with the merchant; and, taking his brother aside, spoke to him thus in a firm tone: "You are come to sell me, and I wished that you should, in order to support my mother; but the small sum which this white offers you cannot prove of material importance; four hundred ounces of gold will secure certain wealth for ever to you and to Darina. You must get this, my brother: Bind me this moment, and carry me to the King as the guilty person whom he wants. Be not alarmed, I know as well as you do what punishment I have to expect. I have calculated how long it will endure: It will not exceed an hour, and when my mother brought me forth she suffered more."

Teloa trembling could make no reply; penetrated with tenderness and affection, he fell at the feet of Selico, embraced his knees, conjured him in the name of his mother, of Berissa, by all he held dear, to renounce his terrible purpose. "Of whom do you speak," said Selico, with a severe smile. "I

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have loſt Beriſſa, and wiſh to meet her again. I ſave my mother's life by my death, I make my brothers rich for ever, and I eſcape a ſlavery which might be protracted for forty years. My choice is made, preſs me no farther, or I go and ſurrender myſelf; you will then loſe all advantage by my death, and you will occaſion miſery to her to whom we owe our lives."

Awed by the manner and the accent in which Selico pronounced theſe laſt words, Teloa ventured not to reply; he obeyed his brother, went and got cords, bound his hands behind him, bathing the knots with his tears, and making him walk before him, proceeded to the King's palace.

Stopped by the guards, he demanded an audience of the King; he was announced and introduced. The King of Dahomai, covered with gold and precious ſtones, was reclining on a ſcarlet ſofa, his head reſting on the boſom of his favourites, who were dreſſed in rich brocaded ſilks, but were naked from the waiſt upward. His miniſters and officers, ſuperbly dreſſed, were proſtrate twenty feet from him. The moſt valiant were diſtinguiſhed by a collar of human teeth, each of which teſtified a victory. Many females with muſquets on their ſhoulders guarded the door of the apartment. Large golden vaſes containing palm wine, brandy, and ſtrong liquors, were placed at ſome diſtance from the King, and the hall was paved with the ſculls of his enemies. "Sovereign of the world!" cried Teloa, proſtrating himſelf on the ground, "I come in compliance with your ſacred orders to deliver into your hands—" He could not finiſh, and his voice died away upon his lips. The King interrogated him, but he could make no reply. At length Selico began:

"King of Dahomai," ſaid he, "you ſee before you the wretch who, induced by a guilty paſſion, laſt night penetrated the receſſes of your ſeraglio. He who brings me here in chains was a long time my friend, and I did not fear to truſt him with my ſecret. Zeal for your ſervice has prevailed with him to violate his friendſhip. He ſurpriſed me in my ſleep, has loaded me with chains, and comes to demand the reward; give it him, for the miſerable man has deſerved it."

The King, without vouchſafing any anſwer, made a ſign to one of his officers, who, viewing the priſoner, gave him into the cuſtody of the female guards, and paid Teloa the four hundred ounces of gold. This laſt, taking the gold, the touch of which agonized his ſoul, went and purchaſed proviſions; and, precipitately leaving the town, made haſte to his mother.

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Already, by order of the prince, they were making ready the horrible punishment to which they are doomed who commit adultery with the wives of the Sovereign. Two large trenches are sunk at a small distance from each other. In that which is intended for the guilty female, they fix the unfortunate culprit to a stake, and all the women of the seraglio, clothed in their most sumptuous dresses, carrying in their hands large vessels of boiling water, advance to the sound of tabors and flutes, to pour this water upon her head till she expires. The other trench contains a pile of wood, upon which they place a cross bar of iron, which is supported by two raised stakes. To this bar the criminal is secured, fire is set to the pile, and the wretched creatures perish after protracted torments, being only reached by the extremities of the flame.

The place was filled with people; the troops under arms formed a square, bearing their spears and musquets; the priests, in their dresses of ceremony, waited for the two victims, to lay their hands upon them and devote them to death. They appeared from different corners, guarded by the armed females. Selico, calm and resigned, advanced with his head raised up. When he came toward the stake he could not avoid lifting his eyes toward the companion of his misery. What was his astonishment and grief on beholding Berissa! He uttered a loud cry, and would have darted to her, but was withheld by the executioners. Soon his first emotion gave way to indignation. "Wretch! that I am," he cried, "while I courted death, hoping again to meet her, she was among these vile females who contend for a tyrant's affections. Not content with her perfidiousness in love, she was also faithless to her master; she deserved the title of adulteress, and the punishment of her crime. Oh, my mother! for thee alone I die—it is on thee alone that I can bear to think!"

At this instant the wretched Berissa recognizing Selico, uttered a loud scream; she called the priests, and declared to them aloud, that the young man they were about to kill, was not he who had penetrated the seraglio. She swore this by the heavens, the mountains, the thunder, and the most august of the sacred serpents. The priests intimidated, ordered the execution to be suspended, and ran to inform the King, who was himself present. Indignation and fury disturbed the countenance of the Monarch when he approached Berissa. "Slave!" said he, in a terrible voice—"thou who contemnest the love of thy master, thou whom I would have raised to the rank of my first sultana, and who, in spite of your refusal, I have suffered to live,

what is your purpose in pretending to deny the guilt of your accomplice? Dost thou wish to save him? If this be not thy lover, name who he is—deliver the guilty to my justice, and I will release the innocent!"

"King of Dahomai," replied Berissa, who was already secured to the fatal stake, "I cannot accept thy heart, I possess not my own; I did not fear to tell you so. Do you think, that she who would not live to share a crown, would speak a falsehood at the moment of death? No, I confess all, and repeat my refusal. A man did last night enter my apartment, he did not leave it till the morning;—but this was not the man! You ask me to name him; I ought not, I will not; I am ready to die; I know that nothing can save me, and I only protract the fatal moment to prevent you from perpetrating a crime. I again swear to you, King of Dahomai, that the blood of this innocent person will fall upon your head: Release him, and punish me! I have no more to say."

The King was struck with Berissa's words, as well as with her manner of pronouncing them. He gave no orders, but declining his head, was astonished at the reluctance which he this moment felt to shed blood. But remembering that this negro had accused himself, and attributing to love the interest which Berissa discovered for him, all his rage was rekindled. He made a sign to the executioners; the pile was lighted, the women advanced with their vessels of boiling water, when an old man out of breath, covered with wounds and dust, burst through the crowd, and suddenly threw himself at the feet of the King.

"Stop!" said he, "I implore you to stop: I alone am the guilty person; it is I who have burst through the walls of your seraglio, attempting the delivery of my daughter. I was once the high priest of the deity who was here adored They tore my child from my arms, and conducted her to this palace. Since that time, I have eagerly sought an opportunity to see her again. This last night I penetrated to her apartment—in vain did she attempt to follow me, for your guards discovered us. I escaped alone, notwithstanding the arrows with which you see me pierced. I come to offer you your victim! I come to expire with her, for whom alone I desired to live!"

He had hardly finished when the King commanded the priests to release the unhappy prisoners, and bring them before him. He examined Selico, wishing to know what important motive could induce him voluntarily to seek so dreadful a punishment.

Selico,

Selico, whoſe heart panted with joy at finding Beriſſa again, and faithful, was not afraid to reveal every thing to the Monarch. He related to him his misfortunes, the diſtreſſes of his mother, and the reſolution he had taken to obtain for her the four hundred ounces of gold. Beriſſa and her father heard him with tears of delight and admiration: The chiefs, the ſoldiers and the people melted with tenderneſs: The King himſelf perceived tears to fall, which never before had bedewed his cheeks. Such is the charm of virtue, that barbarians themſelves adore it!

After hearing Selico, the King gave him his hand, and bade him riſe; and, turning to the European merchants, whom this ſpectacle had collected, "You," ſaid he, "to whom wiſdom, experience, and the illumination of a long civilization, have ſo long taught what is the ſpecific value of a man, of how much value think you is this?" A young Frenchman more bold than the reſt, exclaimed, "Ten thouſand crowns of gold;"—"Which ſhall be given to Beriſſa," ſaid the King, "with this ſhe may purchaſe the hand of Selico.

This order was executed on the ſpot, and the King of Dahomai retired, aſtoniſhed at feeling a delight he had never before experienced.

Farulho the very ſame day gave his daughter to Selico. The young couple, accompanied by the old man, departed next day with their treaſure, to go in ſearch of Darina. She, as well as the brothers of Selico, were ready almoſt to expire with joy. This virtuous family ſeparated no more, but well enjoyed their riches, and in a barbarous region, offered, for a long period, the faireſt example which heaven could give to the earth—that of happineſs and wealth produced by virtue.

Thoughts on the Cauſes of the preſent Failures.

(Concluded from Page 510.)

PERHAPS at no period was the commerce of theſe kingdoms ſo critically circumſtanced, as at the commencement of the preſent war. The diſturbances on the Continent had afforded an opportunity of aggrandizement, which had been improved by the merchants and manufacturers of this country with equal ſkill and avidity. The popular idea that the purpoſes which the miniſter had in view were incompatible with a war, and the apparent uniformity of his determination to

avoid all interference with continental diſſentions, gave riſe to a degree of confidence, which had extended the trade of Great Britain far beyond what it had been at any former period. That confidence had even afforded an opportunity for enterprize and adventure, in which mercantile men are perhaps of all others the moſt apt to indulge—Hence undertakings were begun without ſubſtantial capitals, and being once engaged in, were obliged to be ſupported by a circulation of paper, which exceeded what was requiſite for the legitimate purpoſes of commerce, and rendered any interruption ſtill more dangerous. In this ſituation an alarm at length took place. Its ſymptoms were apparent. At the firſt ſuggeſtions of war, a thouſand apprehenſions aroſe in the mind of the trader. The diſappointment of his due returns; the danger of the failure of foreign houſes; the ſafety of our Weſt Indian poſſeſſions; the fear of internal commotion—all conſpired to deſtroy the general confidence in that mode of intercourſe on which the commerce of the country ſo intimately depended. The faith in negotiable paper inſtantly diminiſhed; ſpecie again roſe to its full ſtandard; and the diſcount of bills at any remote date, was effected with difficulty. Theſe were ſufficient indications of the conſequences that would inſue from an open declaration of hoſtilities. War was, however, determined upon, and the ſcene of commercial havoc immediately begun. Suſpicion took the place of confidence, and occaſioned the very evils which it dreaded. Houſes of high mercantile character, but of widely extended connexions, were obliged to ſtop payment. With the ſupporting trunk fell the depending branches; and the failures of the capital were neceſſarily accompanied by many others throughout every trading town in the kingdom. The inſolvency of the merchant led on the ruin of the manufacturer, and by his misfortunes a large portion of the labouring claſs of the community, are now deprived of the only employment, which by education and habit, they are capable of exerciſing.

Such is the great outline of our preſent diſaſters; but other circumſtances concur to fill up the melancholy picture. The manufacturer is not only hurt through the ſides of the merchant, but is at the ſame time prevented from ſending out his goods in their uſual courſe to foreign markets; and hence he is left with his effects on hand, and conſequently is diſappointed in his expected returns for ſuch as he has before diſpoſed of. Even when theſe returns arrive, if they conſiſt of bills of exchange, they are no longer negotiable. If they conſiſt of produce,

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that produce is not ſaleable. Such is the comparative ſcarcity of ſpecie, and of that kind of paper which alone can be circulated in theſe times of ſuſpicion, that the produce remains on hand, not only from the depreſſion of commercial ſpirit, but from the mere want of an adequate medium of exchange.

To attempt to eſtimate with any degree of preciſion what proportion of the trading capital of theſe kingdoms is thus ſuddenly annihilated, would be to no purpoſe. But when it is conſidered, that almoſt all bills drawn in foreign parts are payable at a diſtant period; that not only the foreign trade of the country is principally carried on by means of this ſyſtem, but that in all mercantile tranſactions, the ſubſtantial medium of gold and ſilver, has long been by general conſent ſupplied by the eaſier mode of paper circulation; that the trade of the country has thereby been extended to a degree far beyond what would otherwiſe have been practicable, inſomuch, that in many caſes returns are made three or four times, where, without it they could not be made once; we may form ſome idea of the amazing property now locked up in bills of exchange; a property which was intended to have been applied in the diſcharge of engagements, entered into in full confidence that the national tranquillity would remain uninterrupted.

There are ſome perhaps, that may attempt to account for the preſent calamities, by attributing them entirely to the wild ſpeculations of individuals, and the improper extenſion of paper negotiation. But ſolitary inſtances of miſconduct will not account for national diſaſters. Uninfluenced by the cauſes before ſtated, the unſucceſsful enterprizes of a few daring adventurers, would on this as on former occaſions, have been confined in their operation to the ruin of themſelves, and thoſe with whom they were immediately connected: But where is the rank of ſociety that does not feel the effects of the preſent ſhock? Had the returns in bills and produce, received from abroad, been convertible into ſpecie as heretofore, there is every reaſon to believe, that many perſons who are now obliged to ſolicit indulgence from their creditors, or to reſign the management of their concerns into other hands, would have been enabled to make good their engagements.

We may here be allowed to cite the authority of Mr. Pitt, who very lately aſſerted in the Houſe of Commons, that "There are many inſtances of individuals in this country being brought into difficulties, not from any want of ſolid capital, or inability to anſwer all the demands upon them, but from ſudden demands being made which they were unable to diſcharge all at once."

"That

"That for these reasons there were many individuals in this country compelled to stop payment, although there was no doubt that on making up their accounts, their solvency would appear."—*Mr. Pitt's speech, Star, 12th April*, 1793.

To stop the circulation of the blood, is as fatal as to exhaust the veins. Situated as we were with respect to continental politics, the trader had perhaps a right to presume that the commerce of this country would remain uninterrupted; and this idea was strengthened from time to time by the national sentiment, and by declarations from the Minister to the same effect. Who was to foresee from these grounds that the commerce of Great Britain was shortly to be sacrificed to the shutting up of the Scheldt?

The fatal wound was given by the war; but it was yet perhaps in the power of the Bank Directors to have softened the pressure of the calamity. Trustees of a great trading company, instituted not less for the public good than for private emolument, it might have been expected that they would have stept into the breach, and have given the weak and wounded individual, time to escape, at least with life. That they would have set the great example of confidence in the riches and the resources of the nation; an example which would have been followed by others, as far as circumstances would have permitted. Instead of this system of conduct, which would have united generosity and prudence (virtues nearer allied than it is generally imagined) the Directors pusillanimously led the way in the general discomfiture, or were active only in enriching themselves from the spoils of those who had fallen in the struggle. To have continued the discounting of bills according to their usual custom, would have been only negatively commendable; it might have been expected that they would have done it with more liberality. The national credit would thus have been supported until other resources had arrived; and if it had fallen at last, it would have fallen gradually, and not with the ruin which it has now exhibited. In this conduct they would have consulted their true interest, but those resources which timely and prudently applied, might have kept the torrent within its proper bounds, would, now the barrier is broken, be swept away in the attempt. What is not to be obtained from the public fund, private aid cannot supply; and even were such assistance practicable, what are we to expect from the claims of friendship, whilst the Minister holds out an inducement of upwards of ten per cent. by the new loan. Thus deprived of both public and private support, the ruin of

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the merchant ſeems inevitable; and his only conſolation is to find, that the ſame record that exhibits his name to the public eye, recounts on its oppoſite page the victories of Great Britain and her allies over the French.

It is poſſible however, that theſe haſty pages, written under the impulſe of firſt impreſſions, may have magnified the extent of the calamity; and that the author may have miſtaken a partial, for a general evil.—It is poſſible too, that the fury of the ſtorm has abated, that the ſhip has again righted, and that all we have now to do is to clear away the wreck. Alas, the information of every hour forbids the indulgence of ſuch a hope. In the manufacturing parts of the kingdom, the number of perſons thrown out of employ is already alarming, and is daily increaſing to ſuch a degree as alone to call for national interference. Inſtead of having arrived at the period of our misfortunes, there is reaſon to believe that we are only in the firſt ſtage of them. The weighty failures that daily occur, are each of them neceſſarily to be followed by many others of inferior conſideration, until the whole hiſtory is to be finally collected, in the increaſe of the poor, the deficiency of the revenue, and the general oppreſſion and miſery of the people.

After having taken this ſhort view of the ſubject, we may perhaps be allowed to aſk, whether it may not yet be practicable for individuals, or aſſociated bodies of merchants, by means of temporary expedients, to relieve themſelves and the public from the immediate preſſure of misfortune? The attempt is commendable; but when the magnitude of the evil is conſidered, it is to be feared that all exertions of this kind muſt fall greatly ſhort of their intended object. It is evident from the foregoing obſervations, that the much greater part of the actual trading capital of this kingdom, amounting to a ſum of which few perſons have formed an adequate conception, is at this moment rendered totally uſeleſs; and what is to fill up this ſudden void? The idea of reſtoring the general loſs of credit, by expedients founded on the credit of individuals, is a ſoleciſm; and actually to produce the requiſite ſpecie is beyond all bounds of poſſibility. One remedy alone is adequate to the evil, and happily that remedy is yet in our power. War is the cauſe of our calamities—Peace is the only effectual cure.

Let any diſpaſſionate perſon examine into the part we have taken in aſſiſting our allies on the Continent, and candidly ſay, whether the ſervices we have rendered them, be equal to the injury we have done to ourſelves. Let us however forget what is paſt, and regard with a ſteady eye our preſent ſituation.—

Driven within the limits of their own country, and probably on the brink of a civil war, the French are no longer formidable; and the object for which Great Britain engaged in the war is now fully accomplished. To proceed further would be to defeat the end which the Minister professed to have in view, and to destroy, not to preserve, the balance of power in Europe.

It is not difficult to foresee an objection, on the part of those who are unwilling to acknowledge the truths here attempted to be inforced. If our misfortunes, say they, are occasioned by the war, whence comes it, that the same events have not taken place under the same circumstances on former occasions? The short answer to this, is a denial of the truth of the proposition contained in the question. The same event has always taken place whenever the country has been involved in a war. Have we so soon forgotten the disasters occasioned by our contest with America? The depreciation of landed property, the fall of the public funds, and the innumerable inconveniencies attendant on the destruction of credit. The evils which this country then experienced, and those which we now so intensely feel, are similar in their nature, and different only in degree; our present sufferings being augmented by many causes, some of them perhaps imaginary, but not on that account less aggravating. The enormous extent of our commerce, whilst it increased the probability of their explosion, rendered the consequences of it, when it once took place, more general. Again, it was presumed that the war was not, as on former occasions, to be carried on in distant parts of the globe, for ascertaining the boundaries of a desert, or determining the right to a barren island, but was supposed to be commenced by an enraged and powerful enemy, and to be waged at our own doors, for the purpose of depriving us of whatever we held dear and sacred. Even at the first onset we were witness to a vigorous attack upon the territories of an ally, with whom we stand closely connected in our commercial transactions. In addition to these considerations, no artifices were spared by the advocates for a war, to impress on the minds of the people at large, an idea that many of their countrymen—men of rank, of talents, and of influence, were attached to the cause of our adversaries. Insurrections were alluded to, that never had existence, and plots were denounced, that finished where they began—in the fertile brain of the informer. Such are the peculiarities that distinguish this war from those in which Great Britain had before been engaged, and it would be astonishing indeed, if exertions so industriously made, and so pointedly calculated to

 destroy

deſtroy all confidence amongſt us—political, moral, and commercial, ſhould totally have failed in their effect.

To enter upon an inquiry at this day into the advantages or diſadvantages which any country derives from a very extenſive foreign trade, would be to no purpoſe. Probably in the reſult of ſuch a queſtion it might appear, that there is a certain limit, beyond which commerce ceaſes to be lucrative, and increaſes the riſque without increaſing the profit. But a train of events, of which it would be uſeleſs to point out the cauſes, have brought us into a ſituation in which that commerce, whether abſtractedly deſirable or not, is become indiſpenſable to us.—Thoſe who condemn the enterpriſing ſpirit of our merchants, the immenſe extent of credit, and the conſequent circulation of paper, would do well to conſider that a ſum of ſeventeen millions is, even during the continuance of peace, annually to be raiſed in this country, for what are called the exigencies of the ſtate. A ſum not raiſed without ſome difficulty even in the moſt flouriſhing periods of our commerce. However deſirous we may be to tread back our ſteps from the dangerous eminence to which we have unawares attained, and to regain once more the ſafer track that winds through the forſaken valley, we find ourſelves ſurrounded on every ſide by precipices that forbid our retreat. The diminution of our commerce will occaſion a diminution in the revenue, which muſt be ſupplied from other ſources, and it is not difficult to foreſee what theſe ſources are. Hence perhaps it is eventually not leſs the intereſt of the landed, than of the trading part of the community, to ſupport a ſyſtem, which, however introduced, is not only become eſſential to our proſperity, but to our exiſtence; and heartily to concur in the common cauſe, if not till we conquer the difficulties that ſurround us, at leaſt till we can effect a ſafe and honourable retreat.

It is not uncommon to find thoſe who have been the loudeſt in extolling the riches, ſecurity, and happineſs of the nation, attempting to conſole themſelves, under the preſſure of misfortunes which they cannot but feel, by attributing the preſent calamity to the improper extenſion of paper credit: According to their idea the preſent is only the ſubſiding of a tumour which had increaſed beyond all bounds, by which the body politic is ſoon to be reſtored to a better ſtate of health. But may we be permitted to aſk theſe political optimiſts, what then was the origin and ſupport of this unexampled ſeries of proſperity, which it ſeems this country has of late years enjoyed. Without the aſſiſtance of paper credit, can it be pretended that the ma-

nufactures of Great Britain could have been circulated in foreign parts, or the produce of foreign parts been imported into Great Britain, even to one fifth of the extent that has actually taken place? or would the Minister have been enabled to exult monthly, and weekly, over the amount of his revenue? Either this felicity was ideal and visionary, or being real and substantial, has been incautiously undermined and overthrown. Whatever may be thought of our days of exultation, certain it is, there is nothing imaginary in our present calamities.— They try the bone, and search to the marrow. Numbers, who but a few weeks since might reasonably expected to have been able to console themselves, under every possible change of public affairs, with the certainty of a sufficiency to procure the conveniencies, and perhaps the elegancies of life, sink at once under the pressure of unforeseen misfortunes—or, if they yet look forward, it is only with dreadful apprehensions of being dragged to perish in the cold precincts of a prison, to gratify the caprice of a resentful creditor. Still more distressing, these misfortunes are often participated by a numerous family, educated to enjoy that competence which they have long been entitled to expect.

As the calamity descends through subordinate classes, its victims, though less distinguished, are more numerous; and the poor disbanded mechanic sits amidst his weeping family, and curses his useless hands that are no longer able to procure them food. Such is the situation of the country; nor does there appear, whilst the present war continues, a probability of amendment. It is confidence alone that can give the first stimulus to this general torpidity; but is that likely to be produced by persevering in a war, the commencement of which was the immediate destruction of that confidence? A war, the consequences of which no human wisdom can foresee, and which derives additional terrors in the view of all thinking men from its real object being hid in mystery and uncertainty. Wounded as the commerce of this country has been, it can only be expected to revive by degrees, nor will it soon, if ever, attain that eminence it has of late experienced. But the restoration of peace would again give rise to some portion of that mercantile faith which was so general before the commencement of the war. Bills payable at more distant dates would again be gradually called out into circulation, and like an influx of new wealth, would daily increase the general commercial capital. Foreign markets would again open for our manufactures, the obstructions on navigation would be removed,

and

and we might again take our rank amongſt the trading nations of Europe; but before this can be effected, it is probable rivals may have ſtarted up; our excluſive advantages may be at an end; and we may too late have to lament that we were fooliſh enough to take a part in a fray, when we ſhould have been employed in gathering our harveſt.

April, 1793.

A melancholy Inſtance of the ſhocking Effects of Intoxication.

THE following is the lamentable ſituation of Mr. Cowan, an unfortunate gentleman, now in the gaol of Cavan, in Ireland. The horrid acts he has been capable of, were chiefly owing to intoxication, and ſhould be a timely warning to men of warm tempers, or irritable diſpoſitions, to avoid controverſy in company, or ſuch bickerings as may overſtep moderation in the circulating pleaſures of the table. Liquor having a maddening effect on this unfortunate gentleman, he had refrained from the uſe of any for a long ſpace of time, till the fatal day of the cataſtrophe, when he entertained a party at his houſe, among whom were the perſons he killed: One that fell by his hand was his brother; the other, a clergyman, the only ſon of his benefactor. The diſpute aroſe from converſation at table; and juſt as the company were going away, he went to ſome part of his houſe, and got a dagger, and purſued the perſon with whom he differed. When Mr. Cowan came to the hall-door, to go into the ſtreet, his brother ſtruggled to prevent him; but he plunged the dagger in his heart, and likewiſe killed the other, who ſtrove to keep him from the perſon with whom he had the words, and purſued; but who was fortunate enough, by activity, though wounded, to eſcape with his life. Mr. Cowan was ſo intoxicated, that next day he was inſenſible of what he had done, till he was convinced. He is now involved in all the agonizing horrors of remorſe, but reſigned to any fate that may await him. He has ſettled all his affairs, and has a large family of children, whoſe names, he requeſts, may be changed, and not bear that of their wretched and unfortunate father, whoſe life is become a burthen to him, and which he muſt ſhortly loſe as the only reparation that he can now make to the violated laws of God and of his country.

Anſwer, by Curioſus, of Bath, to W. Baker's Enigma, inſerted March 11.

LO! the nurſe of fond deſire,
Hither bends in gay attire;
Chear the infant thought that ſprings
HOPE accelerates its wings.

*** We have received the like anſwer from W. Hoare, of Dean Prior; T. Giles, of Bridgewater; and R. Uren junior, of Grampound.

A REBUS, *by J. Clarke, of K———.*

A Fiſh which in our ſeas is found;
A King of Perſia next expound;
An ancient name muſt then be told;
A Heathen God pray now unfold;
Then laſtly repreſent to view,
That perſon whom a ſerpent ſlew:
The initials, bards, aright cement,
You'll ſoon diſplay an inſtrument.

An ENIGMA, *by R. Uren junior, of Grampound.*

SAGACIOUS YOUTHS, in paradiſe I reign'd
As long as Eve and Adam there remain'd;
If you believe what old hiſtorians ſay
I was, like Adam, formed out of clay;
I am in Heaven, and alſo am in Hell,
Likewiſe with you, ye bards, I'm known to dwell;
My name is ſpread thro' every diſtant nation,
And I'm with men of every age and ſtation.
I am the object of each fond deſire,
And oft I'm like unto a flame of fire;
In various colours I appear to you,
And on each change of thought I'm chang'd anew;
No human being can freſh thoughts detect
Unleſs I alter, and myſelf project;
Another hint with eaſe may be expreſs'd,
I'm every where—ſo you may find the reſt.

POETRY.

For the Weekly Entertainer.

The following Poem was written by a Lady in the Month of November laſt, before the Murder of Louis XVI.—From the juſt and vivid Picture which they preſent, we think our Readers will be gratified by a Peruſal of them.

THE EMIGRANT.

REBELLIOUS France, unjuſt, inhuman race!
The wiſe and good you baniſh—in their place,
See outlaws, traitors, ſcum of other climes,
Fit ſenators for you, ſo black with crimes;
No wonder, when ſuch impious men bear ſway,
A captive King is not allow'd to *Pray*:
Robb'd of his crown, and all that grandeur brings,
Is it a crime t' implore the King of Kings?
With you the daring atheiſt meets applauſe!
The mark'd aſſaſſin thunders out his laws;
Blood, Blood! he cries, your daggers all prepare,
Thouſands of heads muſt fall, no brother ſpare—
Baniſh, proſcribe, then freedom is our own,
Off with the tyrant's head hurl'd from his throne!
Louis once dead—a thouſand tyrants ſee!
Down falls this phantom tree of liberty—
Oppreſſion reigns—fly, fly this land of woes—
Famine within, without an hoſt of foes!
And ſee what crowds are hurrying to the ſhore,
By terror driven! numbers who ne'er before
Knew want, or danger, nay, to ſplendour born,
With titles, honours, grac'd! ah how forlorn!
How ſunk! where ſhall they food or refuge find,
Wild ſeas before, the ruffian's ſword behind!
Trembling, aghaſt, the ſhatter'd boat they take;
Friends, fortune, home—all, all they muſt forſake!

See

See how the anxious mother, pale, diſtreſs'd,
Preſſes the frighten'd infant to her breaſt!
Her eyes o'erflow with tears, her heart with woe;
From winds and waves eſcap'd, ah! whither go!
The pious prieſt, by age and penance worn,
Of a vile rabble now the ſport and ſcorn!
Dreading the aſſaſſin, ſeeks a foreign clime,
Love to his God and King his only crime—
The billows bear them off; away they're driv'n,
As winds and waves direct—protect them Heav'n!
Some gleam of hope, ſome ray of comfort pour,
Let not the flood their little bark devour!
Ah! ſteer them to thoſe cliffs, the whit'ning coaſt,
(Emblem of peace) where mercy Britons boaſt;
They take the ſtranger in, the hungry feed—
The exile's refuge in the hour of need!
Heav'n hears the pray'r, their drooping hearts revive,
Tho' ſick, benumb'd with cold, ſcarce half alive,
Britain in view, they bleſs the friendly gale
That drove them on, the land of refuge hail:
The gen'rous natives brave the daſhing wave,
This batter'd ſkiff, this forlorn hope to ſave;
As friends, as brothers, to relieve them preſs,
Enough for them to know they're in diſtreſs;
They ſtrain each nerve to drag them to the ſhore,
Relieve their wants, their cruel fate deplore!
Heaven's favour'd iſle, the exile's ſafe retreat,
Of juſtice and humanity the ſeat,
Where freedom, laws, religion, prove their uſe
To bleſs mankind, and charity produce!
Heaven's favour'd iſle, o'er whom a King preſides,
Whoſe ev'ry action, mercy, virtue guides;
Whom all the good revere, the wiſe approve,
Great in his people's confidence and love.

ODE *for his* MAJESTY KING GEORGE's BIRTH-DAY, *June* 4, 1793.

By HENRY JAMES PYE, *Eſq. Poet Laureat to his Majeſty.*

WHEN blind Ambition drives his car
Impetuous thro' the ranks of war,

Tho'

Tho' Fame her notes of triumph breathe,
Tho' ſhouts of conqueſt ſoothe the ear,
Yet o'er the victor's blood-ſtain'd wreath,
Reflection drops the penſive tear;
But at Oppreſſion's lawleſs head,
When War's vindictive bolts are ſped,
When at the deſpot's ſhrinking breaſt,
When o'er Sedition's haughty creſt,
Stern Battle ſhakes the avenging ſpear,
And teaches headſtrong Arrogance to fear,
Mercy herſelf ſhall conſecrate the cauſe,
While Juſtice points the ſword that Indignation draws.

Tho' Albion many an ancient ſcar,
Still bears on her indented breaſt,
In every age by Gallic war
Or Gallic perfidy impreſs'd,
Yet o'er their fields when Rapine ſtood,
When Factions drench'd their towns with blood,
No memory of inſult paſt
Urg'd her to ſwell Contention's blaſt;
With grief ſhe view'd their ſinking ſtate,
With tears deplor'd her rival's fate;
Their chiefs, whoſe falchions yet were red
With her beſt blood in battle ſhed,
Found friendly refuge on her happy ſhore,
She knew they were diſtreſs'd, nor e'er remember'd more.

Yet when Invaſion's raging flood
Burſt dreadful o'er each ruin'd mound,
And, ſwell'd by carnage and by blood,
Threaten'd the trembling nations round:
While Europe from Batavia's wat'ry plain
By Commerce ſnatch'd from Ocean's wide domain,
To ſouthern ſeas that gently lave
Baia's mild ſhores with tepid wave,
Look'd up, where, on her rocky throne
Unaw'd Britannia ſits alone,—
"Go forth, my ſons, in freedom's cauſe!" ſhe cried,
Check'd was the torrent's courſe, and refluent roll'd the tide.

What tho' on this auſpicious day
Her offering to the beſt of Kings,
Pluck'd from the ſober olive's ſpray,
The duteous Muſe no longer brings;

Yet while the laurel's warrior bough
Now decks his youthful hero's brow,
Untouch'd by Rapine's hand profane,
Unsoil'd by dark Ambition's stain,
Albion once more with kindling flame
Renews her scenes of ancient fame,
Again she sees in fields of glory shine
Her sons of dauntless breast, her chiefs of royal line.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

LINES *to a* FRIEND.

WHILE 'mid the sweet retreats of Stowe,
Remote from noise and strife,
You wander pensive, sad, and slow,
Full oft revolving, as you go,
The various turns of life.—

May Health, constant guest, attend,
Where'er your footsteps rove:
To calm the bosom of my friend
May Peace her olive-branch extend,
On hill, in dale, and grove.

In conscious Virtue, wrapt secure,
Amid the storms of Fate,
The ills that Fortune sends endure;
While some shall pass your humble door,
To haunt the proud and great.

What tho' the needs of every day
Still call to daily toil!
Content can spreading a cheering ray,
Content a secret charm display,
And ev'ry care beguile.

With her and Innocence be blest,
Nor further bliss require:
Preserve a pure and tranquil breast:
Then leave to Providence the rest,
And at his call retire.

T. E. T.

May, 1793.